

Songs of Victory

A



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACULTY

00005440007



Henry Victor Morgan

SONGS OF VICTORY

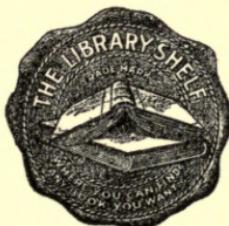
SONGS OF VICTORY

By

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

AUTHOR OF

“The Way, the Truth and the Life,” “Songs of the Mystic,” etc.



THE LIBRARY SHELF
850 McCLURG BUILDING
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT 1911
BY HENRY VICTOR MORGAN

All Rights Reserved

I asked the Voice:
"What is a friend?"—

A golden hush,
A silent flame,

And then—
You came.

To Prof and Mrs F W Weymouth
in memoriam

From Your Friend
Henry Victor Rossman

CONTENTS

	Page
A Friend—Dedication	7
Victory	13
The Song of the Singer.....	14
Pioneers	18
The New Age Vision.....	20
The Yogi's Vision.....	22
The Hindu's Meditation.....	24
The Yogi's Affirmation.....	26
Be Still and Know.....	27
The Living Word.....	28
Prayer of the Mystic.....	29
Walt Whitman	30
Inscribed in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass".....	32
The Answer	33
Success	34
Opportunity	35
The Conquest of Pain.....	36
The Larger Fellowship.....	38
At Three Score Years and Ten.....	39
"As Sees the Soul".....	40
The Spirit Singing.....	41
Unconquered Faith	44
But Some Have Fallen Asleep.....	45
The Song of the Silence.....	46
"What Dost Thou Here?".....	48
Known and Unknown.....	49
Resurrection	50
The Message of the Stars.....	52
Undiscovered Lands	53
The Soul's Awakening.....	54
Assurance	56

Resignation	58
Our Daily Prayer	59
Attainment	60
To a Water Lily	61
Thanksgiving	62
From Fairer Shore	63
The Cross of Christ	65
To-Day	66
The Secret Fount	68
The Divine Feminine	70
The Home Maker	72
The Rose Gift	73
Life's Mystery	74
A Baby's Smile	75
From Any Father to Any Baby	76
Revelation	77
My Wish for You	78
Christmas Tide	79
In Beauty's Realm	80
California	82
To a Dreamer	86
The Song of Joy	87
Robert Burns	88
The Message of Truth	90
He and She	92
Deep Calls to Deep	93
The Joy of Years	94
Springtime	95
Wings	97
At Forty-Six	100
To Mother in Heaven	102
The Message of the Flowers	103
Dreams and Dreamers	104
Canada Revisited	105
The Robin's Song	106
The Maple and the Child	106
The Old Home	109
Sunset	111
Unfinished Still	112

SONGS OF VICTORY

VICTORY

I sing of victory, from the deep
Of broken years and sore defeat;
From out the bitter fires of pain
I chant the victor's conquering strain,
For he who seeks to win the prize
Must hope till even courage dies;
And trust, though beaten to the dust,
That Truth will win when hope is lost.
This, then, is Victory—to know,
Though crushed beneath the foeman's blow,
That every throb of mortal woe
Brings God to face the conquering foe.

THE SONG OF THE SINGER

My songs are the songs of battle,
The bravest that ever was fought,
Where the souls of men were tempted—
Were tempted but yielded not;
Or, yielding, have risen wiser
Once more in their manhood's might,
Till they led captivity captive
And put the tempter to flight.

My songs are the universal;
They belong to no age or race,
But to all who see God standing
Just back of the commonplace
And know through a faith illumined
That the ways of lords and kings
Are baubles for fools admiring,
Compared with Life's common things.

My song is the song of triumph,
A call to the brave and strong,
A song of the countless heroes
Who have battled brave and long,
And who in the deathless struggle,
When seeing the battle go wrong,
With never a thought of failure
Have met defeat with a song.

I sing to the millions faithful
Of earth's toiling women and men,
To whom no songs are written—
Not heroes of sword or of pen,
But who in Life's long battle
Toil on with a heart of trust,
And die with a faith unshaken
That the Heart of all Hearts is just.

I sing to all mothers faithful,
But my words are poor and weak:
When within the Holy of Holies,
We never the highest can speak.
To you, O mother in heaven!
These songs of my soul I bring;
Could I tell of your love transcendent,
The angels would cease to sing.

I sing to the countless women
Who have missed the goal of life,
Who have ne'er felt baby fingers
Nor claimed the name of wife;
But, strong in your ways appointed,
Have lived for the common good,
And loved till your hearts were opened
To a measureless motherhood

That knows neither race nor kindred
But broods over all things lone—
In hospitals, jails and prisons
The light of your love has shone.

The lesser from you was holden,
That you might obtain the best—
Your love is the universal;
All men by such love are blest.

I sing to the army of dreamers
Whose deep souls the Vision has caught,
Who have told of a glory transcending
The things that earth's scholars have taught.
Men called you but dreamers, my brothers,
And laughed at the stories you told—
Your dreams have grown into cities,
Your visions are coined into gold.

They still call you dreamers, my brothers,
As you tell of the glory to be—
Dream on, O dreamers, and heed not,
But tell us the things that you see.
Our eyes from the Spirit are holden,
We know not the way to Life's goal,
We perish, though fed by the senses,
Unless we have vision of soul.

I sing to the Prophets and Saviors
Of every race and clime
Whose words have filled the ages
With a melody divine.
You have told us a wondrous story,
You have walked the earth in pain,
And worked in love for your fellows
With never a thought of gain.

The ears of Earth's men were holden,
But your work was not in vain.
Who saveth his life shall lose it;
Who loseth, shall find it again:
The words from your deep soul spoken
Are shaping our thoughts today;
The kingdoms of earth will perish
But your words pass not away.

I sing to all men not risen
From out of the filth and slime;
My hand to your hand, my brother,
Your heart to this heart of mine.
I speak from out of life's prison;
I have drunk the wormwood and gall,
And learned from the things I suffered
Of a Love that embraceth all.

I send my songs o'er earth's darkness;
I sing what my spirit has known;
My songs are the songs of triumph—
But the highest has not been shown.
My pen is but human, and never
Can bring to your soul the right word;
But, listen! perhaps in the Silence
You may hear what my spirit has heard.

PIONEERS

Pioneers for Human Freedom—
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Hear ye not the still Voice calling,
Calling through the waiting years,
For the fearless souls and daring?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Mammon sits enthroned and smiling—

Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Priests and kings his power beguiling,
Reaping gold from children's tears;
For his hard heart knows no pity,
Blind his eyes and deaf his ears
To all else than golden profit.
See ye not? O Pioneers!

Round him flock the Gods of fashion—
Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Praising blindly, laughing wildly,
What to them are children's tears?
But his chains shall all be broken
For the Son of Man appears,
Bright His eyes, His garments gleaming.
See ye not? O Pioneers!

Has **He** not the wine-press trodden
Till **His** strong soul knows no fears?
And **He** stands upon the threshold
Calling now for Pioneers;
Calling to the brave and fearless
Who have eyes and who have ears
For the God of Truth and Gladness.
Hear ye not? O Pioneers!
Lo, **He** stands upon the threshold—
Shout for joy, **O Pioneers!**

THE NEW AGE VISION

My eyes have seen the coming
Of an age that is to be,
When from every limitation
Shall the sons of Man be free.
For the age is rich in promise:
Had we only eyes to see,
We might catch Love's banner waving
Over all Earth's misery.

Even now the Voice is calling,
Calling softly, sweet and clear,
Unto all whose souls are waiting,
Saying: "Lo, that time is here!
Leave your sorrow, leave your anguish,
Leave your woe and care behind,
For the kingdom now is waiting—
Glorious kingdom of the Mind."

Oh, my soul has heard the summons
Calling all to victory sweet,
But my pen cannot translate it
Nor my words its depths repeat.
Still my eyes are fixed upon it,
And I reach a comrade's hand
Unto all whose souls are longing
With that conquering host to stand,

Saying: "Courage, courage, comrade,
For the victory is sure;
Death and hell cannot prevent you,
Have you courage to endure!"
Oh, my soul has seen love's coming;
Even now it waiting stands,
And the earth bids welcome! welcome!
While the trees clap loud their hands.

THE YOGI'S VISION

The Yogi dreamed—was it a dream?—
About all nature's Causeless Cause,
The seeming calling itself Real,
The Real on sleeping wings
Undreamed, unknown.

And, as he dreamed, shapes of all imaging there came—
Beast, bird and things unclean for him to name—
And he, beholding all, uncertain stood
Until a voice within his soul pronounced the Magic Name
of Good;
Then at that name all things unclean spread wings of light,
Laved in the cleansing flood.

Then said the Tempter's voice, "If Brahm is good, and all
is good, leap thou within the night."
On awful height the Yogi stood and looked within the depth.
Ten million leagues he looked, then laughed and leapt into
the night;
And Brahm was there as Light.

The waters came—before his eyes the waters piled,
Until the mountain height was reached,
And all but he were drowned.
The Yogi laughed and leaped into the flood,
As leaps a child when mother's arms are found—
And Brahm was solid ground.

Once more with fervent heat the earth was swept;
Nearer, more near, the fiery monster came,
The mountains melting and the seas aflame—
The Yogi laughed and leaped into its depth,
Naming the magic Name,
And Brahm was known as Flame.

The Yogi woke and played the game called Life,
Walking the ways of men—
Oft lost amid the shadows,
Calling at times the shadows, Real—
Yet never lost from out his soul the Vision of the Deep—
the Flood—the Flame,
But stilled Earth's sorrows when the billows rolled
By mention of the Name—the Name, the Ineffable Name!

THE HINDU'S MEDITATION

“Lo, the seeming is but Maya!
Changing, changing, all things seen are.
That which earth-men strive the most for
Changes, as the shadows changing,
Leaving naught but dreams remaining.
Changing dreams of changing millions
Is the science of the school-men,
Science of the world of shadows,
Leading souls to fountains failing—
As the mirage vain deceiving
Is all that which is not Being.
At the fountain's changeless flowing
Rests my soul in bliss of knowing
That alone which changeth changeless
Is not born and must be deathless—
Birthless, deathless, am I, changeless
As the One on whom my mind is.”

Thus beneath the sacred Bo-tree,
In the Mountain Himalaya
Sits the Hindu Yogi dreaming,
Dreaming of the blest Nirvana.
Round him earth-men fight and conquer,
Conquer still and claim dominion;
Claiming earth that soon will claim them,
Leaving not a trace of footsteps

In the years as quicksand passing.
Who shall say which is the wiser,
They who fight and they who conquer
Only to be conquered by that
Which they leave still to be fought for—
Or the Hindu Yogi dreaming
Of the changelessness of Being,
'Neath the shadow of the seeming?

THE YOGI'S AFFIRMATION

My soul and I together stand
Undaunted while the ages roll,
Safe billowed on the sea of Time—
I Am for aye a living soul.

I Am—I Was—ere morning stars
Sang o'er the deep their mystic song;
I Am and Shall Be when the last
In the deep sea of night is flung.

I Am not good, nor evil I—
I Am whate'er the soul proclaims;
I Am the Essence uncreate,
I Am not bound by word or names.

I Am! All things exist by me—
But far beyond existence, I;
I speak and chaos disappears
And suns and planets fill the sky.

I Am! All things by me exist.
I Am creation's final goal.
I Am—I never can be less;
I Am, in God, a Living Soul.

BE STILL AND KNOW

O weary storm-tossed soul,

Be still—

The Master speaks! Can you but say
“I will,”

Then all the adverse winds obey

Thy Word of Might—

And lo! from out of chaos' darkest night
Will come obedient

To Thy still small Voice, the power

Of courage born, and strong desire,

Clothed with the mantle of celestial fire

That burns the dross of helplessness away.

Then you can say, “Be still!”

To all the winds that blow,

And in thy deepest being know

The Mighty God stands pledged

To make it so.

O Soul, be still—

And know

Thy Mighty God stands pledged

To make it so.

THE LIVING WORD

How vain, O Lord, our building is,
Unless we build with Thee;
But he who builds as in Thy sight
Builds for Eternity.

The weakest thing when used by Thee
Is strong with all Thy might;
When sorrows come, Thy love is sure;
In darkness, Thou art Light.

The work Thou givest us to do,
We bring to Thee to bless;
Speak Thou through us the Living Word,
And crown us with success.

Then shall the seed we sow in faith
Grow to a mighty tree,
And all the labor of our hands
Fulfill Love's destiny.

PRAYER OF THE MYSTIC

Not riches, Lord, nor loud acclaim,
Nor honors high bestowed by men;
But just to see
 With inward sight
The beauty which around me lies;
The glories of the glad sunrise,
The silent splendors of the night.
That bird and flower their secret may
Reveal unto my listening ear—
The Voices that the world hears not,
 I long to hear;
That in each sinful human face
The heavenly angel I may trace,
And see each cross along life's road
As stepping stone to some great good—
'Tis all I ask.

WALT WHITMAN

“Oh furious, O unconfined!”
Thou who with soul inebriate
Sought in each object curious
Some trace of Deity to find;
Looked in on birth and smiled,
And welcomed death as loving friend
God-sent to lead us Home.
We cannot roam beyond thy thought
That swept the universe and loved
As God all things God made.
Men say that thou art dead,
But nay! thy love all unconfined
Is still a living force to all who love
And seek through love to find
The universal good—
Thou canst not cease to move men’s hearts
Till love has come to stay.
Thou teachest strength and faith
To meet contingencies, as beast
And bird and rooted things;
And, uncomplaining, having done our best,
To meet rebuffs with measured trust.
Thy thoughts are living things,
Wind-swept and purified by elemental life;
Thy vision, great as nature;
Thy words as rhythmic as the stars,
Shaming our pettiness, calling our soul

To meet God in the open unashamed
And speak our word till chaos disappears;
A living presence in thy loved America—
America, the world-embracer, where all
May meet as Sons of God, all boundaries gone.
Such was thy vision. May it be!
Then all the world shall see humanity redeemed
From Error's chains ignoble.
O soul invincible, from higher realms!
Lead on till hope is verified,
And Faith made certainty.

INSCRIBED IN WALT WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS"

Within this book a treasure lies,
And they who seek with earnest eyes and open mind
Will see beneath the ebb and flow of seeming chaos—order
grow;

Forms here take shape, and unclean things
Are lifted, as the singer sings,
To higher realms and purer air,
Till God seems breathing everywhere.

THE ANSWER

They heard him not. The great and proud
Said: "Who is this that would now teach us,
Is not this man the son of a carpenter?
And we are the children of Abraham!
Nay, babbler, hence, we will hear you not.
Rabbis and teachers in Israel, we;
Men grant us honor and lowly bow;
But tell us, babbler, who art thou?"
And the strange young Teacher turned away
From their angry looks to the setting sun
That was painting fair the horizon
And trembling its light o'er the clouds afar;
He looked to the hills which sheltered the fox,
He saw the gold cloud chariot,
And His soul was peaceful;
So calm he answered they ne'er forgot,
"I am only the Son of God."

SUCCESS

I hold that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws;
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who, battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song,
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet.
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail—**HE IS SUCCESS.**

OPPORTUNITY

I pondered long o'er Shakespeare's lines
About a tide in every life
Which, taken full, to victory leads—
Neglected, ends in shallows rife.

And as I pondered, "Lo," I said,
"When is the time? How may we know
The moment when to catch its flood
And yet avoid the undertow?"

The deep Voice answered, "Write to all
Who seek that moment's magic glow,
One Living Word is all you need—
In burning letters write it—**NOW.**"

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

I entered the Valley of Pain.
Sorrow and anguish were there,
Sad voices lamenting.
Here the inhabitants called themselves
The earth-accurséd of the Lord,
And their home the Valley of the Gate to Hell.
Looked they with wild eyes for avenues of escape,
And longed to dwell in the fair fields
Where live the earth-sons strong.
Long dwelt I in this Valley
And walked with aching heart its thorny paths,
Feet bleeding, despair taking deep hold,
Till life seemed worse than death,
And Hell than Pain preferred.
Then prayed I that the demon of Pain
Might come to me that I my hate might speak—
Then die.

That night a vision of great beauty came
And a voice than all the music of the earth more sweet
Spake, saying: "I have come. Speak!"
But loud in agony I cried: "Depart,
Thou vision of beauty and light,
From out this Vale accursed!
Beauty and love belong not here—
Here dwell the earth-accurséd of the Lord."
Strangely, sweetly, smiled the vision,
And answered calm: "I am the Spirit of Pain.

To guard and keep this Valley
Has been assigned me by the Lord,
And to my keeping oft are sent
The Father's best beloved
Here to be prepared, though as by fire,
To enter their dominions grand.
They who in patience pass my fires,
And learn my lessons long,
Shall rule the kingdoms of the world.
Safely shall they handle scorpions
And no evil thing shall harm."

Beauteous was the vision and my soul cried:
"Tarry with me, for now that I have seen thy face, I love!"
The vision vanished, speaking thus:
"Thou art free. Life's great lesson
Is to learn to love.
They who love Pain have their dominion gained.
Rise and walk!"
Then I awoke—but Pain was not.

THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

Too long, O Lord, thy children reared
Their separate temples unto Thee,
And sought with iron creeds to bind
The souls Thou madest to be free.

But larger now Thy house we build,
Its doors ope wide to every land:
Thy ways are deep—we do not know,
But faith and love can understand.

We write no creed, no questions ask;
One law we seek all else above—
When men preach hate, we answer not,
But name Thy name—Thy name is Love.

“Where is Thy house, O Lord?” I prayed.
“Our human eyes are weak and blind.”
“Seek not afar,” the Voice replied,
“I live wherever men are kind.”

AT THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN

To S. E. K.

O mother-heart, be strong!
Each milestone on thy earthly way
Has led thee to the clearer day
Above earth's noise and din,
Until at last, in peace,
With seventy lifting wings beneath,
Thou standest on the height,
Earth's sorrows changed to joy
By working in God's sight,
And in thy soul that peace
That ne'er can know alloy.
Still onward, upward, be thy way,
All clouds above;
And ours the joy to know
In thee the larger love
That lifts us from the sod—
A vision of the Mother-Heart of God.

“AS SEES THE SOUL”

Out of the past,
Into the vast
Present, to last,
Lo, I am come!
Storm upon storm,
Never alarm,
Steadfast and sure
Through storm and calm,
Here now I am.

Soul, only soul,
Old as God old,
Still ever young—
Words which no tongue
Ever yet sung
Cannot express
That which is best—
Soul, only soul.

While ages roll,
Ever the same,
Seeing God's hand
Back of the plan;
Claiming my own,
Through centuries sown;
Soul, only soul—
Part of the whole.

THE SPIRIT SINGING

One evening I wandered musing
Far out by the ocean's shore
And listened with deathless sadness
To the sound of its sullen roar.
The ocean, that rolled incessant,
Seemed breathing heartbroken sighs,
And the spray which it dashed in madness
Were as tears from human eyes.

My own lost ideals mocked me
And the hopes of my youthful Spring
Glided like ghosts beside me
On sleeping and soulless wing.
For I had dreamed in life's morning
Fond dreams of glorious worth,
Had labored with zeal and gladness
For the Kingdom of God on earth.

But all my hopes were broken,
My heart lay bleeding and bare,
I drifted a wreck on life's ocean,
I drifted—and cared not where.
For the earth was no longer golden,
But a level waste of pain,
And the rainbow of hope alluring
Could never be mine again.

No hell could be worse than to stand
In the midst of ideals slain,
To walk with a show of gladness
And the restless heart of Cain;
To feel, 'neath the smiling surface,
The misery at the core,
That the longing of men for heaven
Was to hell the open door.

Till I said in my anguish, driven,
"This earth-life's all in vain,"
When sudden from over the waters
There floated a wonderful strain—
The song of a soul rejoicing,
And I asked not the singer to see,
It seemed the Voice of the Spirit
Singing Love's song to me.

A song of man's soul, triumphant
O'er poverty, woe and pain,
And each pang my soul had suffered
Seemed a part of that heavenly strain.
I never can tell how it happened,
But my sorrows melted away
And the eyes of my soul were opened
To the light of a heavenly day.

Since that magical hour by the ocean,
Which I call the Soul's new birth,
I have walked with faith triumphant
Through the darkest vales of earth;

And whenever my way is darkened,
And my life seems full of pain,
It is then I can hear in accents clear
Some notes of that wonderful strain.

Oh, blest be the hour of vision
When the ears of the soul can hear
The music of choirs celestial,
As we walk with our loved ones here!
Fain, fain, would I write it down—
The message clear and ringing—
But my earth-born words cannot express
The Song of the Spirit Singing.

UNCONQUERED FAITH

They move me not, these things of sense—
I walk with joy where tempests blow,
Since faith unsealed my inner sight,
And it was given me to know
That God is in the storm, and He
Sends only what is good for me.

I do not doubt, I question not
Nor for the future do I pray,
But reach strong hands of loving faith
And trust the Stream that knows its way.
God leaves me not alone, but He
Speaks from the storm and strengthens me.

Some day my bark will reach the brink
Where darkness seems the only goal,
Can I not leap within the night
To meet my Captain, soul to soul?
The Lord of Light will surely be
Within the vale to comfort me.

BUT SOME HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP

They are not dead, our vanished friends,
"They fell asleep"—O blessed thought!
Let joy bells ring, the victors crown,—
They rest in sleep, the fight is fought.

"They fell asleep"—God's sweetest gift
To mortals in their hour of need;
The tired head no more shall throb,
Our mortal aid no more they need.

For sleep has borne them from our reach
To lands beyond our farthest sight;
They wake in bliss, I can believe,
For, lo! He doeth all things right.

THE SONG OF THE SILENCE

Say, have you not heard it?—
The Song of the Silence,
The Voice of the Living,
The Uttermost word,
Deep down in your being—
The real, not the seeming—
The Song of the Silence
The Voice of the Lord!

O weary one! bearing
Life's burdens, still erring,
Your conscience all seared
With the thralldom of sin,
Oh, have you not heard it?—
No language can word it—
Say, have you not heard it,
The Voice from within?

In times of abstraction,
When life seems distraction,
God waits in the Silence
Within—He is there.
O brother, believe it;
No power can relieve it—
This burden of sorrow
Which ends in despair—

Until from the Silence
There comes for your guidance
The Voice of the Uttermost,
Saying, "Be still!"
When, deep from your being,
The real not the seeming,
You speak to the Silence
Deep, saying—"I will!"

Then all the wild uproar
Shall never be heard more;
The Silence has spoken,
Earth's sorrows are still—
O brother, believe it,
Earth's sorrows are still,
When deep from the Silence
You answer—"I will."

“WHAT DOST THOU HERE?”

Ah, there be living those today
In earthly caves, by dying springs,
Who in some hour of vision grand,
Have known the human soul has wings;

Whose eyes the Lord God's hand has touched
Until they saw with inner light
The arméd chariots of the Lord
Forever battling for the right.

And yet today they hide unknown
From those who struggle for the right;
They listen to the voice of men
And will not trust the inner sight.

Their lives are spent in low pursuit,
They strive for fame and hoard up gold;
They win the foolish world's applause,
But know for this the god is sold.

Still listening to the world's acclaim,
Full oft a well known Voice they hear:
“O thou who knowest the living God,
What dost thou here?”

KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

Two regions lie before the soul—
The present seeming lean and bare,
The future clothed in purple mist
With myriad fountains playing there.

And, lo! my soul, in fetters bound,
Strained steadfast at the binding chain,
Till longing—mightiest power of God—
Melted the welded links in twain.

Then upward as an arrow shot,
I reached the land of soul's desire,
The fountains faded into mist
Before me still loomed heaven's fire.

One backward glance to where I stood,
And, lo! it burned in glory bright;
Again the present lean and bare
Seemed clothed in an eternal night.

God's truth stood then to me revealed,
'Tis vain to seek in distant sphere,
For when we see with wisdom's eye,
The present glory shineth here.

RESURRECTION

Out of the night's dense darkness
I lifted my soul to Thee,
And sought with the eyes of mortals
Thy shining ways to see.

But my eyes were sore with weeping,
And the love of my heart was cold;
And no more came the heavenly vision
As it did in the days of old.

It was only a phantom answered,
And these were the words it said:
"Return to your man-made prison,
For the God of your youth is dead."

"Is dead? Then who is speaking?"
I said in my heart's deep pain;
And the Voice of the Silence answered:
"Was dead, but I live again."

Now a newborn hope sustains me
That will not pass away;
Each moment is resurrection,
Each day is judgment day.

And never a dream shall perish;
And all I seek, I find;
As I see with faith illumined
And the resurrected mind.

THE MESSAGE OF THE STARS

(Written on the night of the San Francisco Earthquake)

O ye stars above our city,
On this awful burning night,
Shining in your steadfast orbits,
Ever peaceful, ever quiet;
Long I gaze upon ye, thinking
All the lessons ye might teach
Had we ears to catch your meaning
And translate it into speech.

As I listen, comes a stillness
Even 'midst this burning hell,
And a Voice from out the distance
Saying, "Write it!—'All is well.'
Never yet has been disaster,
Nor one stroke of suffering vain,
Though you may not know the meaning
Nor the purpose deep of pain."

O ye stars above our city,
Is it this that makes ye quiet?
See ye deeper, see ye truer
Than we mortals in our fright?
Then, oh, clothe us in thy stillness,
Round us weave thy magic spell
Till from out a planet burning
We can answer: "All is well!"

UNDISCOVERED LANDS

As Christopher of old dreamed dreams
Of undiscovered lands,
So ever dreams the soul
Of regions vast beyond Earth's seeing.
Fair, fertile fields appear, star-sown,
Bearing rich sustenance for noble souls,
Who, scorning all the world calls great,
Move calmly on in unknown paths,
Meeting fore'er their own
On earth, in heaven or hell, at home.
O soul! undaunted stand,
Seeing in every change the One,
Changelessly meeting change
With faith's all-seeing eye.
O vision grand! O hour most blest,
When first our eyes are opened unto Man!
Dominion crowned is he, but creepeth in the dust,
Still in his darkness dreaming dreams
Of one who ruleth all the Universe—
Until the veil is rent by Love's strong hand,
And Man stands firm on New Discovered Land—
Himself the lord.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

An angel there dwelt in a form of clay,
In a form as fair as the Gods have made;
But the angel slept, and she knew it not,
While they who were wise in silence prayed
That a quickening power might yet be given
To wake the guest by the maid forgot
And change her earth to a dream of heaven.

But the maid still travelled the beaten way
That leads to the heights which men call fame,
But the gods wept deep o'er the soul forgot
For the Gods see not as men the same,
Nor heed they the noise of the world's acclaim;
For they know that the way to life is not
By the shining roads of wealth and fame.

Then the sorrows came and the way grew dark,
And the maid wept sore in her grief alone,
And the Gods were glad when they saw her weep,
And their hearts seemed hard as hearts of stone;
But the angel stirred by sorrow's stings
Awoke in that hour from its earthly sleep,
And lifted the maid on living wings.

Today she sails in a magic bark
O'er a sea of mingled fire and pain,
But the pains of the world they touch her not
And never can touch the soul again;
While the hours of pain seem a magic strain,
And wealth and fame but dreams forgot,
Since the hour of the Soul's Awakening.

ASSURANCE

There comes to my heart more and more
This infinite spirit of trust,
That in spite of all earth-seeming wrongs
The universe ever is just.

No matter how heavy the load,
Nor how bitter the trials we have known;
Though broken and crushed in the dust,
We are reaping just what we have sown.

I look o'er the ocean of life,
And I see all the sorrow and wrong,
The weary, heartbroken, oppressed,
And yet my soul breaks into song;

For I have seen deeper, and know
That no sorrow was ever in vain,
And of all of God's gifts unto men
The deepest and kindest is pain.

Yea, I have seen deeper, and know
What the Voice of the deep Spirit saith—
That the angel that leads unto life
Is the phantom that mortals call Death.

Thus I sing a glad song unto men
Regardless what road they have trod,
For I see 'neath the shadows in each
The visible presence of God.

RESIGNATION

I do not ask that I may see
The distant years that are to be,
Or that my eager hands may hold,
Treasures of silver or of gold;

Nor do I ask for vast estate,
That foolish men may call me great—
How could I for such trifles pine
When all the Universe is mine?

I simply ask that I may be
Content with what is given me,
And, simply trusting, ever wait,
A child within its father's gate.

OUR DAILY PRAYER

Our Father who in heaven art,
Thy name shall hallowed be,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
Till earth with heaven agree.
The bread of life for all our needs
In fullness Thou dost give
And teachest us by Thy great love
Our brothers to forgive.
And when our feet in error stray,
Thy love will swift restore.
Thy Kingdom, Power and Glory, Lord,
Oh, give us evermore !

Amen.

ATTAINMENT

I am content: no more I dream
Of ships that sail on distant sea,
No more I wait with longing heart
For what is mine to come to me.

Too long I in the future lived,
And dreamed of things that were to be;
Untasted left the present good,
But said, "Mine own will come to me."

Unveiled at last mine holden eyes,
I saw the present glory shine,
And knew the universe was filled
With good that was already mine.

Since that glad hour I sail serene
On what before was troubled sea,
And bless each wind how'er it blows,
Since it but brings mine own to me.

And is this faith? I do not know—
I know it smooths life's troubled way
And brings all things for which I sighed
Within the kingdom of To-day.

TO A WATERLILY

My faith is large! I trust that Power
Which brought from stagnant pool
And seeming filth this perfect flower,
Will in the end, by means divine,
Bring from each act of erring man
Some perfect good. Oh, faith sublime—
I trust in God.

THANKSGIVING

Not as the thoughtless kneel, O Lord!
To bless Thy name for special good,
Do I approach Love's throne to-day,
But for the larger faith and inner sight
That knows each trial leads to Light—
That Love is Lord—and sees through tears
Thy footsteps leading down the years,
Till every sorrow disappears
And peace has come to stay.
I, too, give thanks—and pray.

FROM FAIRER SHORE

Tonight, a touch upon my head—
My being thrills with sweetest pain,
The years roll back, 'tis yesterday,
And I am but a youth again.

And one long dead beside me stands,
(I scarce believe my hair is white)—
I see her girlish laughing face,
And I am but a boy tonight.

With youthful eyes I gaze around—
Who can that wrinkled old man be?
“Hush, darling, hush, 'tis but a dream;
That aged man was never me.

“See, I am young, and you are here;
Strange was the dream—I thought you dead—
But now I see your laughing face
And kiss with joy your sunny head.

“Is this a dream? Say, am I young?
And are you really here tonight?”
The fair one answered: “You are young
As when I left you yesternight.

“The human spirit ne’er can age:
I come to you from fairer shore
To tell you, dear, Time is a dream,
You are a youth forevermore.”

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

I am serene, my ship sails on
In boundless oceans of content
Since first I welcomed every trial
As from a loving Father sent.

In foolish days I prayed for peace,
And asked that good alone be sent;
Then when the Cross before me loomed,
Before its terrors swift I went.

But still it followed as the wind,
And still for heaven did I pray,
Until from out the Cross a Voice
Said, "Come to me, 'I Am the Way.' "

Uplifted on its glorious height,
I saw Pain's wondrous purpose clear,
And knew each trial was heaven-sent,—
God's messenger to bring me here.

No more I pray that good be sent,
For ease alone were manhood's loss;
Vain blows the storm for him who knows
The wondrous meaning of the Cross.

TO-DAY

I sing not the songs of the olden
Nor the splendor of things passed away,
My eyes from all beauty are holden
Save that which surrounds me To-day.

I dream not of distant tomorrows,
Of glory far down on life's way,
Nor fear I the oncoming sorrows—
My strength is enough for To-day.

No longer I ponder in sadness
O'er the sins of the dead yesterday,
But turn with a heart full of gladness
To the duty which lies in To-day.

The birds have no storehouse for treasure,
And yet they are happy alway;
And why should I need larger measure
Than the goodness which filleth To-day?

Still God in his garden is walking,
As in Eden so is He for aye;
In tempest and calm He is talking
As I live with Him here in To-day.

And, lo! glad angels are singing
To cheer me along on life's way;
My sweet human angels now living
And loving me here in To-day.

Thus I live in the great Ever-Present,
In its valleys forever I stray;
And I seek not a heaven far distant,
For it lieth around me To-day.

THE SECRET FOUNT

From out of the soul of the woman I love,
There floweth a stream to me,
That lightens the load of the burden I bear
And lifts me on wings of the free.
For the soul of the woman I love is strong
And silent and deep as the sea.
I stand in the sun on the heights above
And men sing their praises to me;
But little they know of the fountain of strength
To which in my need I flee!
For what is their praise when I know in my soul
She waiteth alone for me;
And the deep of her eyes will look into the depths
Where no other eyes can see.

O soul of my soul, in your silent depths
Is the strength men praise in me,
To the deep of your soul I come for help
As the stream urges on to the sea;
For the stream could not flash in the sun, my love,
Were it not for the strength of the sea,
Nor could I work on the heights above
Were your strength not under me.

And I call to earth's sons, my love, my love,
To praise not my work, but thee;
And I call to the angels above, my love,
To wait on still wings and see—
For even the angels might learn, my love,
The secret of strength from thee.

THE DIVINE FEMININE

I dreamed that all alone I strayed
On desert sand, 'neath burning sun,
Looking on every hand for aid
To find at last that there was none.

No green thing met the weary eye,—
An endless blazing fiery mist,—
No life was there save reptiles dread
That in the gleaming sunshine hissed.

In time I reached what seemed a stream,
Flowing athwart that desert land,
But when I sought my thirst to quench
I found its waters burning sand.

Maddened with thirst I threw me down
To die beneath the sun's red heat;
But as mine eyelids closed in pain
There came to me a vision sweet.

A woman o'er the desert came—
A river followed in her wake,
And where before was desert shore
There spread the waters of a lake;

And flowers bloomed and cities grew,
And lovers walked in quiet shade;
While she alone seemed not to know
The wondrous change her coming made.

Awake, the dream prophetic seems
As power of woman's love, to bring
Healing where'er her footsteps lead,
And make life's barren deserts sing.

THE HOME MAKER

Not yours, perhaps, the vision, dear,
To catch the meaning of the years
In mighty leaps of cosmic thought;
To sing the music of the spheres.

But here on earth, where careworn men
Reach hands of doubt to heaven's dome,
'Tis yours to found a heaven now
And call the heaven founded—Home.

'Tis wiser far to play your part
In this, our earth-bound life, today,
Than but to dream of things to be
And keep the heaven of Now away.

THE ROSE GIFT

Just a gift of roses,
Of the fragrant briar,
To one whose life is perfect
As wild roses are.

May each new day find you
Sweeter than the last,
As the rose more fragrant
When its spring is past.

Just a gift of roses!
They can speak more true
Than my words, explaining
All my love for you.

LIFE'S MYSTERY

Expectant mother, soon to be,
Life's greatest mystery sleeps in thee,
Where God miraculous doth anew create.
Could we but understand and know
The law of that mysterious life
Nurtured within thine own,
Would we not know how God made sea and land,
How suns are born and planets grow?
Naught do we know, save that in thee
Still worketh the creative God.
His ways are in thy deeps;
From out thy dreamy mother eyes
Something of chaos conquered speaks.

A BABY'S SMILE

A glance from out of the infinite deep
Of love and beauty and all things sweet;
Soft, trembling, deep as an angel's dream,
Flashing through tears like a rainbow's gleam;
A vision from heaven, earth's care to 'guile—
All this and more in a baby's smile!

FROM ANY FATHER TO ANY BABY

Welcome and longed for, baby so dear;
Long wert thou hoped for—now thou art here.
Welcome, thrice welcome, child of our love,
Bringing us blessings fresh from above.
Strange little mystery sleeping so fair,
Tell us thy history, why art thou here?
Foundest thou naught in regions above
Tender and sweet as thy fond mother's love?
Sawest thou naught in far distant skies
Dreamy and deep as her soft mother eyes?
Thou art so wise, dear, we are so blind,
Dreaming our earth dreams—open our mind,
Teach us love's lessons, sweetest and best,
Dear little wanderer! Rest, baby, rest
On earth's sweetest pillow, a fond mother's breast.

REVELATION

To A. L. M.

To thee the beautiful is real,
Thy faith unshaken,
And all the dreams of youth
Still thine.

The years have brought thee grace
And touched with softening love
Thy face,
But nothing taken.
Thy every thought doth waken
The memories of Life's morn,
With power divine.
In thee I find Love's consummation—
A woman's heart revealed,
Love's highest revelation.

MY WISH FOR YOU

What could I wish you more, dear friend,
Upon this Christmas morn,
Than that within your heart each day
The Christ of Love be born?
That you may walk with courage strong,
Though clouds hide heaven's blue,
And reach a hand to those less brave,
Their courage to renew;
That wheresoe'er your footsteps lead,
The flowers of hope may spring,
And in the hour when flesh seems weak
Hear God's strong angels sing;
That you may be a light to all,
One whom God's light shines through:
Then all Love's kingdom shall be thine—
This is my wish for you.

CHRISTMAS TIDE

Christmas comes but once a year—
Every day the Christ is born,
In some manger hid away,
Weak, unnoticed and forlorn.
May you, with the wise of old,
Lay your treasure at His feet,
Following the star of hope
Till His sacred face you meet!
Will you travel lands afar?
Nay, my brother, homeward turn;
Wheresoe'er is human need,
There the Christ anew is born.
Go, then, where the weary toil;
Give your offerings, glad and free;
Then His voice your heart will cheer
Saying, “Lo, it was to me!”

IN BEAUTY'S REALM

Manoa! vale of light and shade,
Where rainbows linger from the first,
Caused, so the legends say of old,
By Gods who came to quench their thirst.
Here morning seems to beauty call,
And, lo! she comes with airy grace
While myriad-tinted clouds of light
Half hide and half reveal her face.

A longing sadness, sweet with tears,
Comes o'er me as I think again
Of all thy glory and the years
I watched thy beauty—not in vain.
Though other charms I now behold,
Thy hills are still most dear to me;
And oft in memory's quiet hour
Again that vision do I see,

When like an artist tired and worn
The sun is sinking to his rest,
But reaches, ere his race is run,
To kiss thy mountains clothed in mist.
A radiant rainbow-sheen of light
Transforms thy hills of living green
To temples floating soft as clouds,
Fantastic as a fairy's dream.

Far off the ocean golden gleams,
A ship is sailing homeward bound;
She seems a living bird of fire
Sailing o'er dream-enchanted ground.
I muse, in Nature's beauty lost,
And feel the thought I cannot give:
If this is but Thy garment, Lord,
Ah, who could see Thy face—and live?

CALIFORNIA

California, land of sunshine,
Golden empire of the West!
In thy valleys, orange blossoms;
On thy mountains, snowy crest;
Vineyards growing in thy green fields;
Cattle grazing on thy hills,
While the glorious golden poppy
All the air with gladness fills.

California! fair enchantress!
Never mother loved her child
More than I thy valleys peaceful,
More than I thy mountains wild.
Men may travel wide world over
Seeking fairer lands in vain;
While they wander, I, thy lover,
Beauty-charmed, will still remain.

And as some enraptured lover,
Hearing tales of wondrous grace,
Finds, in every fond word spoken,
Semblance of his loved one's face,
So I find within thy borders
All the charms of foreign strand,
Fruits of tropics, pines of Norway,
And the snows of Switzerland.

Westward moves the course of empire,
And, thou strong land of the West,
Laved by broad Pacific waters,
Feel'st the throb within thy breast;
And thy face so myriad-meaning
Bears a welcome for each guest,
While thy soft winds linger 'round him
As a lover's fond caress.

Vain indeed they seek to leave thee,
Who have felt thy magic spell;
Though they wander, thou art with them
And your praises still they tell.
Then, as wild bird, soaring freely
In the daytime east or west,
Homeward turning in the evening
To thy vales of peace and rest.

Peaceful, restful, still in vigor,
Thou art moving to renown,
Challenging the deeds of old lands,
Wrestling for the victor's crown.
Thine the deeds of mighty prowess
For a history so young,
Thine is still the song of conquest,
Thine the dauntless victor's song.

Magic-like thy story seemeth,
Lo, it is but yestermorn
Since thy forests first did echo
To the white man's wakening horn.

Then where roamed the red men idly
Over dunes of drifting sand,
Rising now as if by magic,
See thy mighty cities stand.

San Francisco, strong and daring,
Standing by the Golden Gate,
Proudest product of the West-land,
Conqueror of time and fate.
Who can prophesy thy glory,
Wondrous city by the sea,
Where the strong men of all nations
Find their common home in thee?

Never city saw such daring—
In the direst circumstance
Undefeated by disaster,
Victor over loss and chance.
Phoenix-like from out thy ashes
Here today we see thee stand,
With the mighty tides of commerce
Flowing out to every land.

And thy future, who can paint it?
Or the things that are to be
As the onward course of empire
Surges toward the western sea?
This we know: each year shall find thee
Fairer, stronger, than of old,
Worthy of the hearts that love thee,
And our sun-kissed land of Gold.

In the Southland, blossom-laden,
Stands the Angel city fair,
While the springtime in its glory
Seems to linger ever there.

Travel far and wide, my brother,
Sack the ages, spoil each clime,
You will find on earth no fairer
City than this love of mine.

O'er her gates might well be written
"Welcome Home," to every guest;
Seek no further, it is useless,
Here on earth you find the best.
Angel city of the Southland,
Take this blessing!—it is thine,
I but speak for all who know thee,
City of the Palm and Vine.

California! thine the future,
Sunset land with life aglow;
Forward, growing e'er in splendor,
May thy children see thee go;
Forward, till the dream of Eden
Shall be felt in all thy ways,
Worthy of thy morn of promise
And the poet's song of praise.

TO A DREAMER

The joy of joys!— to dream on earth
Of youth and love forevermore;
To hear from out the unknown deep
Strange songs no mortal heard before.

To walk on earth with dreaming men—
Vain men, who think their dream is true,
Who never see beyond the seen
Within the vale of heaven's blue.

This is thy lot, O friend of mine,
Strange friend, I believe your vision true;
Fain would I leave this world of sense
To dream such dreams as God sends you.

THE SONG OF JOY

Two birds there came from southern clime,
Into the springtime of the West,
And in a tree close by my home
Built for themselves their summer nest.

They were so happy in their love,
Enjoying all the bliss of spring,
And lived so much unto themselves
I never knew that they could sing—

Until the mother bird lay dead
Beneath the tree of their love's spring;
Then all day long the lonely mate
Flew round the sad home sorrowing.

But when the eventide was come,
And all the shadows gathered long,
He sat upon the highest bough
And filled the eventide with song.

And often as I listened there
To that lone songster robbed by fate,
It seemed that in some better land
He saw the spirit of his mate,

And knew what faith would teach to us
If we had ears to understand—
That death is but the open door
To life, than this by far more grand.

ROBERT BURNS

The day with its toil is over
And the evening has spread its wings;
Alone in my quiet chamber
I sit and commune with kings.

With the kings of various nations
Who never wore a crown,
Yet reign o'er the hearts of millions
The silent centuries down.

They wait for me here in the evening
And their message of truth unroll;
For, though dead, they still are speaking
Live words to the human soul.

But to which shall I list this evening?
For my kings must speak in turns.
I will choose from the books at random,
And tonight it is Robert Burns.

With him we will visit the Scots-land
And talk with the milking-maids,
Or see fair Jennie spinning
The wool for the highland plaids.

And we catch from this true soul singing,
The glory of common things—
For each Scottish home is a kingdom,
And the common men are kings.

Now we walk with his Highland Mary
In some wooded valley green,
And we think of her not as servant,
For his love has made her Queen.

Or else when the shadows gather
And the ruddy fires grow bright,
Again we enter the charmèd land
Of the Cotter's Saturday Night.

Or our hearts beat fast to the music
Of memory's touch sublime,
As we think of our loved ones parted
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Thou rulest our hearts, O Ploughman!
By a power all else above;
And thy kingdom shall perish never,
For 'tis rooted deep in love.

THE MESSAGE OF TRUTH

“I have come,” saith the Voice of the Spirit,
The life-giving Spirit of Truth,
“And my eyes are as bright as the sunbeams
And I thrill with the glad thrill of youth.
But, listen! ye sons of the mortals,
Perhaps I am not what ye seek,
For your ears are so filled with the earth noise
Ye hear not the words that I speak.

“Oh, bravely I speak, for I love you,
Though my words seem a message of hate,
For I scorch with the breath of my nostrils
All the pride of the false estimate.
Your honor, your pride, your religion,
Your virtue, all things you possess,
Are lost in the light of my coming
In the pit of the black nothingness.

“My fires shall destroy all your treasures,
Your houses of refuge shall fall,
Till stript you lie prone in the ashes—
To the man that you are, then I call;
And, lo! from out of your grave clothes
You spring to the light of my day,
No more to be tried by the earth-fire,
No more to the Man-Gods a prey.

“But free as the winds of the heaven
That bloweth wherever they will,
You shall lave in the freedom of spirit
And bid all earth’s sorrows be still.
Your strength shall be fresh as the morning,
And your peace as a river that flows,
While your joy shall be full to o’erflowing
When the wind of adversity blows.”

HE AND SHE

HE

We meet today—'tis twenty years
Since blind with agony and tears
We said farewell.

Your face has changed, my dear,
But, still, I still do love
Nor fear my love to tell.
Do you forget, forgive,
And wish me well?

SHE

Forget? forgive? Nay, nay!
There is no alchemy in time
To wipe love's memory away.
None can forgive but God,
And I hold every memory dear;
'Twas love that made me live,
And when before God's throne we stand
I will not fear;
Love's Heart will understand!

DEEP CALLS TO DEEP

I sit on the shore by the sea tonight
And lave in the joy of the soft moonlight—
Deep calls to deep in mystic song
That never has ceased since the world was young;
And I listen low till the deep in me
Responds to the deep of the central sea.

Nay, 'tis not the song of the waves I hear
That break on the sand in the moonlight clear,
But a song of the stillness of the deep
That never has heard the wild winds sweep;
And the deep of my soul sings back to the sea
A song of great tranquility—
For a deeper Voice than the voice of the sea
Has spoken deep to the deep in me,
And has lifted my soul to victory.

THE JOY OF YEARS

Let others sing of bygone years
And paint the glories of the past—
Mine be the vision of today,
The present great, the future vast
With hope and trust.

I do not ask the speeding years
To bring me back the joys of youth,
The richer joy today is mine
To garner up the gold of truth
That ne'er can rust.

I look behind and see how oft
I sowed in hope and reaped in tears;
Before I look, by time made wise,
And every sorrow disappears
In faith secure.

The joy of years! Old age can ne'er
Bring dimness to the soul in Truth.
Men call me old—I answer not,
But sing the songs of spring and youth.
Love shall endure!

SPRINGTIME

(AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY)

They call me old, the foolish ones,
Because my hair is more than grey;
But, ah! the birds again are here—
'Tis Springtime, and my heart is May.

The earth is old, the earth is grey,
And yet the flowers her breasts adorn;
'Tis Springtime, and the dead revive
As on that blessed Easter morn.

From out the grave life springs anew,
My loved and lost are with me here,
I call them through the power of faith
And swift the shining ones appear.

The winter clouds of age are gone,
The dream of years has passed away,
The call of Spring is in my soul,
And I am but a child today.

My hair is white, my heart is young,
I rest in peace from foolish things,
And listen to the song of Life
That in my heart the Springtime sings.

The song of Life is in the air,
The flowers spring laughing from the sod;
'Tis Springtime in my soul today,
The Springtime of the Living God.

WINGS

A mystic worm, one summer day,
A worm that dream'd mid creeping things,
Was known to stop upon its way
And say, "I wish that I had wings."

Then all the worms that nearby lay
Laughed long and loud—poor silly things!—
And cried, "Put all such dreams away;
You're but a worm—you'll ne'er have wings."

And one grave worm more wise than all,
(Doctor of Worm Philosophy,)
Shook his wise head and said, "I call
This talk of wings rank heresy."

But still the dreamer dreamed his dreams;
Whene'er he looked at flying things
He crept more fast, and said, "It seems
I'll fly like that when I have wings."

One day he felt so chill and numb,
His body pierced with deadly stings;
But dreaming still, e'er death was come,
Said, "Maybe this will bring me wings."

To-day I saw on wings of fire
This occult dreamer of the dust,
And as it circled glad in air
There came to me this living trust:

That every dream and fond desire,
These longings strange for better things,
Are not in vain: sometime, somewhere,
These dreams of ours will end in wings.

AT FORTY SIX

Great gift of God, the years and days
Of life's rich heritage I praise;
On manhood's sloping summit, I
Sing of Life's growing ecstasy.
With joy I watch life's sun go down;
I clasp the rich years as a crown
And know the Lord of Life will send
The best wine at the journey's end.
What though the sun slopes to the west?
The coming days shall be the best.
The wisdom that the years have brought,
The mellow gains of ripened thought,
Shall be to me an open door
Through which I enter to explore
The unknown deep forevermore.

A child once more am I today,
And with my blackeyed sister play.
The rain has ceased, the waters clear
Reflect the trees and flowers near,
And, pointing to the mystery,
She cries: " 'Tis Eden! There's the tree—
O brother, it is Eden, see!"
Ah, forty years have passed and more,
I've traveled far from shore to shore,
But still the vision of that hour
When first my soul felt Beauty's power
Has lingered round me evermore.

Above the din of seeming wrong
My soul has heard the spirit song,
And often round some saintly head
Has seen the hands of God outspread.

Some mother bending o'er her child
Has shown a love so undefiled
I felt His presence very near,
Nor cared to deeper look, for fear
Too great the glory might appear.
'Tis Eden, yes! 'Tis Eden here,
Could we but see with vision clear.
I do believe it more today
Than when I heard my sister say
These words in that long yesterday.

The morning glory here again
Speaks to my soul of youth and spring,
But she who taught my eyes to see
The glory of each flower and tree
Sleeps long and deep beneath the sod.
O mother! from thy rest with God,
I feel thy spirit still can see
These flowers that seem to talk of thee;
For often in the evening hours
I see thee here among thy flowers,
And dearer seems my work to me
Because I know that thou canst see.

(To Mother in Heaven)

I know, dear heart, you still can lead
To heights I have not strength to climb.
I feel the thrill, I catch the gleam,
And know your love unchanged by time.

Thou art not dead—love cannot die;
Our earthborn eyes alone are blind.
I reach through death, by faith made wise,
And find thee present to the mind.

Perhaps 'tis thine, from heights above,
To lift my earth song to the skies;
I know of faith and love, dear heart,
Because your great love underlies.

And as the eagle in its flight
Is held by the embracing air,
So when I reach the heights I dream,
I'll find your love has brought me there.

(The Message of the Flowers)

Life leads to life, and death to birth;
The flowers spring laughing from the earth,
And whisper deep with fragrant breath,
"Life leads to life, there is no death."
O weary souls! In life's dark hours,
Knowest the language of the flowers?
When trials come and storms doth blow,
Canst thou not to thy garden go,
Forget the wrong in Nature's way,
And from the flower learn to pray?—
Hear what I heard the flowers say:

"Out of the dark earth
Where long I slept,
Seeing around me
Nothing but death,

"Nature above me
Slumbered so long
Till deep within me
Heard I Love's song.

Out of the darkness,
Lo, I have come!
Seeking my lover
Far in the sun.

“Lo, he has called me;
To him I smile,
Feeling his warm love
Round me the while.

“Sometimes he’s hidden,
Deep is my pain.
Then in his goodness
He sendeth me rain.

“Happy am I,
My lover is near.
Did he not love me,
Would I be here?

“Where will he lead me?
How do I know?
Only to feel him
Above and below.”

(*Dreams and Dreamers*)

’Tis wrong to dream, I hear you say,
Life’s riper years mean work, not play;
But ’tis my mood, and wise it seems
To give myself at times to dreams.
Much have I learned from books, I know;

On Science streams have learned to row;
In scholar's ways my feet have trod;
Learned what the churchmen know of God,
And bless them all for what they gave—
The scholars wise, the churchmen grave—
But pass from all the scholars' themes
To the enchanted land of dreams.

'Tis well to dream, and dreams I praise
When they give gladness to our days
And fit our lives for Duty's ways,
For deep I know a stream within
From primal source God-issuing;
In hours of reverie we may hear
Its undertones of wisdom clear.
Too deep for words its language seems—
'Tis only heard by one who dreams.

(*Canada Revisited*)

*"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand."*

These words kept ringing in my ear,
As once again the stars appear
O'er native land. O memory!
Who can escape the bliss of thee?

'Tis Canada! 'Tis home to me!
Again I see the maple tree,
Strong, hardy, waving, glorious, free,
Emblem of her great destiny.

Here as a boy I used to try
To court the muses from the sky,
And all my country's wonders trace
Beneath the maple's flowing grace—
Believed each wild bird singing free
Sang nearly all their songs to me.

Hear what I heard the robin say
In early life at break of day,
Singing to cheer his brooding mate,
Who sat on nest with heart elate
Deep listening to her singing mate:

(*The Robin's Song*)

“Life's in the morning
And love's in the spring
Hearts ne'er grow weary
When love's on the wing.

“So in the morning
Gladly I sing,
Sing to my darlings
Under your wing.

“Life's in the morning,
And love's in the dawn:
Wings ne'er grow weary
When heart is love-warm.”

(*The Maple and the Child*)

“Come, listen to me,” said the maple,
“O child, come listen to me!
And I will tell you the story
Of the life that is hid in a tree.

“Long years I slept in the bosom
Of the Heart that is heart of us all,
Till deep from the earth’s heaving bosom
I heard such a sorrowing call

“That I said to the Life Spirit, ‘Send me
Some lesson I’m needed to teach.’
And he said, ‘Hasten forth on thy mission
And grow there in silence and preach.’

“And I sped forth, not knowing whither,
Till I came, as a seed, in the snow.
’Twas so cold, but the life was within me
And I knew in good time I would grow.

“And the spring winds blew softly upon me
Till I lifted my head to the skies;
And the stars kept watch ever o’er me
And they seemed as the spirits’ bright eyes.

“Then the cold winter storms blew upon me,
And I cared not but laughed ’neath the sod;
For I felt all life’s currents within me,
As I garnered the vintage of God.

“So long I have witnessed Earth’s sorrows,
And deep in the silence I preach—
But the ears of Earth’s children are holden,
And they heed not the lesson I teach.

“But, listen, O child! to my message,
And learn life’s lesson from me.
When tossed on life’s billows, oh, hasten
To the Voice that you hear in the tree.

“For I gather from out of Life’s tempests
The sweetness I give unto thee.
O, listen, my child, in the silence—
For God has a Voice in each tree.”

Ah, that was a dream of life’s morning
When I listened to God in the tree,
And now? Why, still I believe it,
But deeper their message to me.
Have you lost from your soul, O my brother,
The quietness learned in the wood?
Or lived with a tree as a brother
Till your soul and its soul understood?

Then hasten from out of earth’s noises,
Forget what you learned in the street,
Grasp solitude deep to your bosom
Till your soul with the tree soul can meet.
The wisdom of scholars will perish,
Earth’s languages all pass away,
But the wisdom that speaks in the forest
Forever is fresh as the day.

How often in life’s weary battle
When the tide seems running all wrong,
I have gone to the forest refreshing
And felt life’s currents grow strong;
As, deep, all the roots of my being
Sank sweet in the bosom of Love,
And my soul heard the hush of the silence
The voice of the forest above.

(The Old Home)

Here was I born—the same log walls
Where first I saw the morning light!
But five and forty years have passed—
It seems more like a dream of night.

But it is home! My brother still
Lives in the house where I was born,
And much remains as it was then
But, ah, so much, so much, has gone.

My white-haired sister, too, is here,
(The black-haired one of yesterday)—
And I, my hair is also grey.
But, then, “life is a stage,” they say.

We play our parts, some disappear,
And others put on strange disguise;
Life bears one meaning to the child—
It bears another to the wise.

I will not weep, for naught is lost;
In Memory’s halls my loved appear,
Although their hands I may not touch—
They are not dead while love is here.

We talk of life and what I’ve seen,
The parts I in life’s game have played,
And they the simpler joys relate
Of those who by the hearthstone stayed.

The past is here, the dead revive,
Father and mother now I see,
Sisters and brothers all again—
Blest alchemy of memory!

'Tis well to live—I will not weep,
For in the house where I was born
I can not feel that they are dead,
Those faces from the fireside gone.

One sister in the Empire State
One brother in the Golden West,
The eldest sister's body sleeps
Beneath the south sun's soft caress;

Father and mother, side by side,
Within the country church yard lie.
"Dust unto dust," the prophet said,
But, ah, the Spirit ne'er can die!

The scene has changed, the curtain down,
And they but wait behind the veil
To greet us when our turn will come
God's endless sunlit seas to sail.

SUNSET

Sunset and golden glow,
The peace of a soul at rest;
Life's clouds afire with the artist's touch
And the glory of love expressed.

Sunset on earth, and peace—
Day's hour most blest;
Peace on the silent sea,
Sunset—and rest.

Sunset on earth, my dear,
In love God-given;
Sunset on earth, and peace—
Sunrise in Heaven.

UNFINISHED STILL

Unfinished still, O soul—

Unfinished still!

Ascending heights beyond thy dreams,

Advancing through the spheres,

Leaving the worn out worlds thou visitest

Renewed for souls that are to come,

Creating in thy mind new worlds

Exhaustless as the stars, O soul!

Exhaustless, thou, as God;

Unfolding through infinity,

Approaching to thy Goal

But lacking still the Master-stroke

Until—the Nameless Word.

O soul!

Unfinished still,

Until—



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 054 400 7

